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Oct, 11
Congressional Library.

POPULAR IN MEXICO.

Gen. Bernardo Reyes, Secretary of War of the Republic.

Should President Diaz Decline a Re-election He Would Be Chosen Chief Executive Almost Unanimously.

In two years the term of Porfirio Diaz as president will expire, and it is given out as an absolute certainty that he will then leave public life. Diaz is now past 70 years of age.

This announcement leads to the question: Who will succeed Diaz? There are numerous politicians who are eager to enter the race for the nomination. But the man who occupies the presidential chair will have to be a protege of the Diaz party, which is a powerful organization of reformers. The party has held absolute sway in Mexico since 1876, when Diaz squelched the last serious rebellion.

The knowing politicians have already picked out the man whom they say Diaz will support. He is Gen. Bernardo Reyes, the present secretary of war. In almost every respect Reyes is a second Diaz. He is a self-made man. He has shown himself to be dauntless in battle. He never forgives an enemy and never goes back on a friend. Reyes is strongly opposed to gambling in any form, or drinking. So is Diaz. Between them they have succeeded in checking, to a large extent, the gambling and drinking in the Mexican army.

Reyes has devoted his life to the interests of his country. Before he was 16 years old he ran away from home to fight the French when they invaded Mexico. He took part in all the succeeding struggles and was promoted to his present rank for bravery on the field.

Reyes is more popular in the state of Nuevo Leon than in any other part of Mexico. He has spent most of his life here and has helped this state in many ways. Reyes was born in Guadalajara, in the state of Jalisco, on August 20, 1850. His parents were the descendants of a distinguished Spanish family that settled in Jalisco during the eighteenth century.

GEN. BERNARDO REYES.
(Porfirio Diaz' Probable Successor as President of Mexico.)

When he was seven years old Bernardo was sent to one of the public schools in the city, and after he had acquired a knowledge of arithmetic, reading and writing he entered a higher institution of learning. As a scholar young Reyes was quiet, performed his work diligently and rose rapidly. Although a sturdy lad, he never mixed up in the quarrels among his associates, and owing to this they soon began to look upon him as a coward.

One day a lad who had vanquished the best fighters in the school and, elated over his success, was seeking more trouble, approached young Reyes.

"You act so old and mannish that I would like to whip you," said the bully. Reyes wheeled about and faced him, but did not reply.

"I think the first thing I will do will be to kick you, and then, if you want to fight, we'll have it out, but I don't believe you've got any fight in you," he continued. Young Reyes didn't wait to be kicked. He first smashed the bully in the face, knocking him down; then he jumped upon him and began punching until he yelled for mercy.

The same policy has always been pursued by Reyes the man. If anyone tries to assail his methods he strikes back quick and hard.

Gen. Reyes gained his great popularity in the state of Nuevo Leon in an odd way. In 1885 a revolution over local elections broke out in the state and Diaz called upon him to stop the trouble. Reyes hastened to Monterey, silenced the disturbers within a few days, and then reported to Diaz. The president of the republic was so pleased over this that he appointed the general military governor of the state, a position he held until 1895.

During this time the people of Nuevo Leon had become so attached to Reyes that a delegation of prominent men begged him to run for office. He was made a citizen of the state and was elected governor by an overwhelming majority. He held this office until two years ago, when he was appointed secretary of war.

Bananas for the World.

Last year 60 ocean-going steamers were engaged exclusively in the banana trade.

King Edward's Daily Mail.

Three thousand newspapers and 1,000 letters are received by King Edward every day.

THE OLDEST NEWSBOY.

Although 93 Years of Age He Rises Every Morning at Four to Meet Early Trains.

A familiar figure seen around the Chicago & Alton depot at Joliet, Ill., every morning when the Kansas City train arrives at 6:55 a. m., is the oldest newsboy (or rather newsman) in the United States. Mr. Orsamus Page has been selling newspapers in Joliet since the world's fair, in 1893, never missing a single day, or failing to meet the early trains. Page was born in 1809, being 93 years of age, and retains his vigor to such an extent that he is able to rise every morning at four o'clock and deliver 30 or 40 papers before the early train arrives. This is particularly remarkable, from the fact that this "newsboy" has but one leg. Mr. Page comes from very long-lived parents and grandparents—his father dying at 89, his mother at 98, while his grandfather lived to be 102, and his grandmother 105.

He began life as a farmer, then engaged in driving stock east from Iowa, as early as 1848. He then turned his attention to railroad work, and had several contracts for grading on the Chicago & Alton railway, near Springfield, Ill., in 1857. After working a number of years on the railway, he again went to farming, and it was at this time that he lost his leg, it being crushed in a threshing machine.

Just before "retiring" to sell newspapers, by which means he is able to support his family, he was engaged in selling coal at Joliet.

WILL RELIEVE CHAFFEE.

Gen. George W. Davis Designated Commander of American Army in the Philippines.

When Gen. Adna R. Chaffee is relieved of the chief command of the American forces in the Philippines he will be succeeded by an officer amply competent to fill the position. The coming new commander is Gen. George Whitefield Davis, who was promoted some time ago to be major general. Gen. Davis, who is 63 years old, will have but nine months to serve as head of the army in the archipelago, as he will be retired for age in July, 1903. The general is one of our successful soldiers who never had a West Point education. He enlisted in the volunteers during the first year of the civil war and in 1866 was mustered out with the rank of major. The next year he secured a captaincy in the regular army, and from that time until the Spanish-American war his advancement was slow. He made a reputation, however, as an engineer. On the outbreak of the conflict with Spain he was appointed a brigadier general of volunteers and was elevated to the like rank in the regular service in 1900. He was military governor of Porto Rico in 1899-1900 and made a good record in that post. He is the author of several monographs on Porto Rico. Gen. Davis was ordered from Porto Rico to the Philippines, where his work has been highly commendable.

Dead Head Mail Matter.

It was disclosed by examinations made in the Washington city post office, covering a period of about two and a half months, that 979,820 pieces of paid matter and 5,900,000 pieces of unpaid (or "franked") matter of all classes went through, the unpaid matter on some days running as high as 135,000, 127,000, 126,000, 125,000 and 122,000 pieces, while the percentage per day would often go to about 90, crawling up as high as 93 per cent. on a single day, and averaging 85¾ per cent. every day.

"Blind Tom's" Mother dead.

From the Evening Star.

A dispatch from Birmingham, Ala., says, "Charity" Wiggins' the aged mother of Blind Tom, the negro musician, died in this city of dropsy of the heart. Her body will be taken by her daughter to Culombus, Ga., for burial. The woman was 102 years old.

HOW THE PRESS VIEWS THE LATEST POSITION OF THE PRESIDENT.

From the Freeman.

The colored citizens of America can now look up and feel that they are not to be deprived of their rights to choose a party as other men. Any other way is to be less than free men, and to be less than free men is but an "exalted" degree of slavery. The President and administration have the support of thos that stand above mischief making or permiscuously operating politicians. They will always stand near the throttle with ready and steady hand, mindful of curves and grades, the points of disaster in the national tread.

From the American Baptist.

It is plain that he is in favor of recognizing the great principles of human liberty and equal rights as the basis of a Republican form of government.

From the Tribune

"The Tribune" has repeatedly stated there could not be a genuine Republican party without the colored man, and by this recent act President Roosevelt simply indorses our contention.

From the Weekly Guide

President Roosevelt by the removal of Julian H. Bingham collector of internal revenue for the District of Alabama from his office and the appointment of Joseph O. Thompson to succeed him, has put himself on record as opposed to the lily white movement in the south in the republican party.

From the Afro-American Ledger

All honor to President Roosevelt for his manly and courageous stand! The action in the present case is most significant and far reaching.

From the Conservator.

If any doubt has lingered in the Negro's mind as to whether President Rooseveit was President of the whole people, regardless of race, color or previous condition, let him carefully read this account of the President's estimate of one of Alabama's chief lily-white republicans.

From the Richmond Planet.

The action of President Theodore Roosevelt in removing Mr. Julian H. Bingham from office of Collector of Internal Revenue for Alabama will be cordially approved by right-thinking people everywhere, regardless of political affiliations.

From the Savannah Tribune.

President Roosevelt has given lily whitism another black eye. One of the men who strenously objected to the admission of colored men in Republican convention of Alabama, has been dismissed from office. The President is determined to discontinue class actions in the party and the ily whites are findingthat out. Now will they be good?

From the Atlanta Age

The President has removed Julian Bingham from the position of Collector of Internal Revenue because he wanted a lily white party. The President is all right.

Uncle Sam Will Abide by the Ruling of King Oscar.

History of Controversy Which Had Its Origin in Far-Off Samoa and Now Has Been Settled at Stockholm.

The ruling of King Oscar of Sweden and Norway, in the Samoan controversy, against the United States and Great Britain and in favor of Germany, is hailed with some surprise by many papers. The decision "is staggering, to put it mildly," declares the Brooklyn Eagle; and the New York Tribune says it is "surprising and inexplicable." The decision holds that the landing of marines on April 1, 1899, at Apia was not justified, and that, in consequence, the governments of Great Britain and the United States must pay the complainants for their loss. How the division of payment between the United States and Great Britain will be made does not seem to be known in the state department, but it is believed that it may have to be arranged by a special agreement between the two countries. The origin of the controversy is told briefly in the following paragraph taken from the New York Tribune:

"The dispute now decided grew out of the concerted action of Rear Admiral Kautz, of the United States navy, and Capt. Sturdy, of the British navy, in leading a combined American and British force at Apia on April 1, 1899, for the purpose of making a reconnoissance and breaking up Mataafa's supporters, who were in rebellion against the recognized government. It was on this occasion that Philip Landsdale, the executive officer of the Philadelphia, Ensign J. R. Monaghan and two enlisted Americans, and Lieut. Freeman and two British sailors were killed. Surgeon Lung, now President Roosevelt's physician, was the medical officer of the landing party. The United States ship Badger was promptly sent to the scene, carrying an international commission composed of Bartlett Tripp, representing the United States; Baron von Sternberg, the German commissioner, and C. N. Elliott, the British commissioner. Claims amounting to nearly $30,000 were filed by German, French, British and American residents on account of damages caused by the landing party. As the chief result of the investigations of the commission, the tripartite agreement of 1889 was abrogated, the islands being divided between the United States and Germany, while Great Britain withdrew. A convention was signed at Washington on November 7, 1899, submitting the claims of Samoan residents to the king of Sweden and Norway for arbitration, the main questions being whether the military action of the United States and Great Britain had been warranted."

"The sum is insignificant," remarks the New York Times, "but the position taken by the king of Sweden and the principles which appear to have guided his judgment would be of the more serious importance if they were to be considered as establishing a precedent." "The United States will take its own medicine, even though the flavor be unpleasant," comments the New York Tribune. It adds: "In the whole history of international arbitration the United States has fared so well that it can easily afford to accept with good grace this minor defeat. There will be no begrudging Germany her victory, any more than there will be in Germany any doubt of the good faith of the United States."

ROBERT W. WILCOX,
Who Declared That the Negroes of America, Did Not Amount to Anything Has Been Justly Defeated.

When a Man Is Drunk.

An English magistrate has added another to the many judicial dicta on the subject of how to test whether a man is drunk or not. "Were you drunk?" asked counsel of a witness in a case at Norwich. "Well, I knew what I was doing," replied the witness. "Ah," interrupted the recorder, "when a man is drunk and knows that he is drunk, then he is not drunk; but when he is drunk and does not know that he is drunk, then he is drunk, indeed."

SNAKES STRANGLE CUB.

Plucky Young Bear's Teeth and Claws Are Unavailing Against Reptiles' Folds.

A struggle to the death between a bear cub and two immense bull snakes has been witnessed by three hunters near Mount Tacoma, Wash. Len Longmire, Burt Hall and Charlie Price, the three woodsmen who saw the fight, declare that the spectacle exceeded in thrilling interest anything ever seen in their long and varied experience in the big forests and mountain fastnesses of Mount Tacoma.

The three men were on the trail headed for Indian Henry's Happy Hunting Grounds, when a singular noise in the bushes a short distance to one side of the trail attracted their attention, and on breaking their way through the underbrush in the direction whence the noise proceeded, their eyes rested on a spectacle rarely seen in the animal kingdom.

A small but plucky bear cub, which had evidently been left by its mother only a short time, was having a fierce battle with two large bull snakes. It proved to be an unequal conflict. In vain the little bear used his claws and teeth, though putting up a vicious fight.

One of the big reptiles succeeded in winding itself around the body of the cub, and getting in position to squeeze the breath nearly out of him. The other snake, after a hard struggle, got a coil around the cub's neck, and then managed to drag him up over the limb of a tree, thus effectually hanging him, and ending the struggle in a few minutes. Hunters say these big bull snakes are rarely seen. They are afraid of men, and seek the seclusion of the rocks and woods.

HE WAS THOUGHTFUL.

Baggage Man Kicks Valise Under His Wagon to Save It from Having a Trunk Fall on It.

"I don't know when," said Mr. Grizzleby to a New York Sun reporter, "I have seen any more pleasing act of thoughtfulness than one which I witnessed this morning on the part of the driver of a baggage wagon.

"Of a number of pieces of baggage which this driver had to deliver at one point, the last two that he took off the wagon were a valise and a trunk. The valise, when he pulled it clear of the dashboard and let it fall on the ground, did not bound at all, but just squashed right down where it dropped. Now, the act of thoughtfulness was this:

"If he had been a careless or reckless man, this driver would now, when he came to pull the trunk off the wagon, have simply let it drop on the valise lying there on the ground directly under the tailboard. But he did nothing of the sort. No, sir.

"When he was all ready to let the trunk drop, but before actually letting it fall, he kicked the valise out of the way, underneath the wagon. And then he let the trunk topple and fall, to drop with a crash upon the pavement.

"The owner of that valise may think when he gets it, as very likely he will think, that it's been pretty roughly handled; but what would he have thought if it had chanced to fall into the hands of a man who wouldn't have taken the trouble to kick it out of the way, as this one did, but who would have let that trunk fall on it?

"It was a thoughtful act, indeed, that kicking of the valise out of the way, and I don't know when I have seen anything more pleasing."

Very Pleasant for Baby.

A Canadian firm recently placed with the Montreal and Toronto newspapers an advertisement of a new nursing bottle it had patented and was about to place on the market. After giving directions for use, the "ad" ended in this manner: "When the baby is done drinking, it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under a tap. If the baby should not thrive on fresh milk it should be boiled."

Justice Married Himself.

Justice of the Peace Henry Sundy, of Jersey City, recently married Mrs. Mary Becker, and the ceremony was performed before a mirror. The bridegroom officiated as the minister, and, looking in the glass, asked the usual questions of his own reflection, and answered them himself. Then he pronounced the couple man and wife, kissed the bride twice, once for the justice, and once for the groom, and then started on his honeymoon trip.

The White Man's Party.

As for reduction in the House of Representatives from the south, the democratic party should meet the issue with a simple, truthful, straight foward declaration to this effect: "The democratic party is and always has been and always will be a white man's party." That is the sort of plan which in my opinion, will win votes in this country.

Thus saith Senator Morgan of Alabama, who has been discussing the signs of the times.

If the democratic party is to be solely a white man's party the senator will have to admit that it is hardly straightfoward for it to profit by the representation in Congress of black men who are not permitted to vote.

White men's parties should be honest and fair. White men's parties should not violate the law.. White men's parties should not insist upon speaking in Congress for black men whom they disfranchise.

If the democratic party is a white man's party it has no bnsiness to be in Congress with a representaion from various southern states based upon a black population which is denied its constitional rights.—Chicago "Chronicle."

JOSEPH H. LUCAS DEAD.

A FAITHFUL CHRISTIAN, A NOBLE CHARACTER.

An Efficient Teacher—All Five Sons of the Lucas Family Became Teachers—Superintendant Stewart's Tribute.

There are sincere regrets and sorrow among the relatives and friends of Mr. Joseph H. Lucas, for seven years a teacher in the public schools of this city, whose death occured last Friday morning. Mr. Lucas had been ill for six weeks and his death, although not unexpected, came as a shock in every quarter where he was known. He was the son of the late Moses and Jane Lucas, was born here March 5-1875, and though but a young man he had won many friends having passed creditably through the public schools of Washington, graduated with high honors from the Howard University Teachers College and made a meritorious record as a teacher in the schools.

His funeral was held Sunday Nov. 16 at Lincoln Memorial Temple where he was a member of both the church and Sunday school and also the President of the Young men's club. Rev. Sterling N. Brown, who conducted the simple but impressive services spoke touchingly of the faithful services in the church, Sunday school and community. His sermon was pregnant with force and pathos. He spoke of him not as being a great man but as one who had the elements of greatness in him. He possesed the seeds of a grand career if only the opportunity had been given them to sprout and grow to the maturity of a ripe fruitage. He referred to his modesty of character, even in his best achievements; and called to mind the lines suggested by his untimely death:—

"Full many a rose is born to blush unseen.
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Rev. W. P. Gibbons, the pastor of Mr. Lucas' parents when living had been asked by the family to be present. He was there but was compelled to leave without saying anything in order to be at the services of his own church. Revs. Matthews, Brooks, Parker and Lampkins were also present. Mr. J. T. Layton sang "Calvary" by request of the family. Prof. L. B. Moore, dean of the Howard Uuiv. Teachers College, pointed out the devotion of Mr. Lucas to small things. "He was a christian gentleman", said he. He had remarkable persistence and will power, a worthy ambition to do good in the world, and a great love for books and intellectual pursnits,"

JOSEPH H. LUCAS.

Superintendant Stuart's remarks.

Mr. A. T. Stuart, Supt. Pub. schools of the District of Columbia paid a touching tribute to Mr. Lucas' character. In speaking of his teaching he emphasized "love" as a cardinal principle in his work. His visits to Mr. Lucas' school had convinced him of the presence, to a great degree, of this love power. He said that the deceased was sincere; and that in contemplating his attitude towards his pupils he was somewhat reminded of the example set by the Great Teacher who said, Suffer little children to come unto me." Mr. H. M. Johnson, supervising principal of the 8th. division, in which Mr. Lucas taught spoke a word of him as a faithful and efficient member of his corps. He had paid several visits to him dur his illness and found him although desirous to get well and go back to work yet expressiug to him a perfect resignation to the will of God. After offering comfort and solace to the grief smitten family, he closed by saying that Mr. Lucas had been a good teacher in life, it would seem that he has been promoted in a higher sense of the word, to a field of purer and richer services.

The choir under the direction of Prof. W. B. Hayson, rendered touching and appropriate music, while the floral offerings were eulogies in themselves. They came from pupils of Birney school, the teachers of Birney school, Dr. Lucy E. Motor, prin. of the Normal school, the Lincoln Sunday school and many friends. The pall bearers were Dr. F. L. Cardoza, Messrs. M. J. E. Syphax, M. J. Walker, D. Renfro and Arthur Newman all of whom are teachers.

The Boys in the Lucas Family all Teachers.

There were five sons in this family who grew to manhood and all became teachers. Rev. Jno. W. Lucas taught school in Longview, Texas where he was also a minister of the gospel up to his death. Mr. Joseph H. Lucas' services we have just lost. Rev. Geo. W. M. Lucas teaches a district school in Prince Geo. Co. Md. near Bladensburg church over which he also presides as pastor and Mr. M. Grant Lucas and James O. Lucas are teachers in the chools of this city.

CHARGES ARE DENIED

Schools in the Philippine Islands Are Non-Sectarian.

Catholics Not Discriminated Against and Proselyting Is Forbidden—Father McKinnon's Educational Proposition.

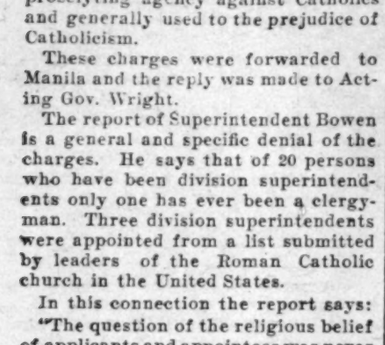
The bureau of insular affairs of the war department has made public the report of Frank H. Bowen, acting general superintendent of public instruction for the Philippine islands, upon the charges made in the United States against the school system of the islands alleging that it was used as a proselyting agency against Catholics and generally used to the prejudice of Catholicism.

These charges were forwarded to Manila and the reply was made to Acting Gov. Wright.

The report of Superintendent Bowen is a general and specific denial of the charges. He says that of 20 persons who have been division superintendents only one has ever been a clergyman. Three division superintendents were appointed from a list submitted by leaders of the Roman Catholic church in the United States.

In this connection the report says: "The question of the religious belief of applicants and appointees was never considered until late in 1901. At that time a special lot of applications, gathered by the authorities of the Roman Catholic church in the United States, was sent to the civil governor of these islands and transmitted to the general superintendents. From these special lists three division superintendents and 22 teachers were appointed. In reporting these appointments to the civil governor the general superintendent stated: 'I have had much difficulty in finding people in this lot of applications who are possessed of the educational preparation and teaching experience which is required of other appointees in this department. Those who have not been selected seem to be wholly unsuitable.'"

The only departure from strict nonsectarianism in the conduct of the schools was a provision of the Philippine commission, which made it lawful for a priest or minister of any established church in the pueblo where a public school is situated to teach religion for one-half hour three times a week in the school building to pupils whose parents have expressed a wish for such construction.



FATHER W. D. M'KINNON.
(He Wants Philippine Priests to Be Educated in America.)

Concerning proselyting, the report says:

"Not only is no proselyting allowed or attempted in any of the public schools, but inquiry of the leaders of the four principal Protestant denominations here brings out the fact that so far as is known by these leaders there is not a native Protestant Sunday school teacher in the entire archipelago."

The statement that not one-third of the Protestant teachers ever taught a day before going to the Philippines and that the Catholic teachers are sent on to the distant provinces is emphatically denied.

Father McKinnon, a priest officially connected with the public school system in Manila, who went to that place as chaplain of the First California regiment at the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, has urged the authorities of the Philippines church to send 400 of the younger native priests to America for a couple of years' training in seminaries in the United States. Father McKinnon says he discussed this plan with the late President McKinley, who approved it, as it was believed that in this way Filipino clergymen would become imbued with the broad spirit of American priesthood. It is believed possible that money for carrying out this project could be raised in America. It is estimated that the seminary expense of each priest would be about $150 a year. The natives are favorable to the plan. The fact that the native priests speak a different language from those in America would be no hindrance, because all Catholic clergymen have a common knowledge of Latin, and besides a number of priests in the United States speak Spanish.

Monarch of the Forest.

A few weeks ago there was discovered east of Fresno, Cal., in the Sierras, the largest tree in the world. At the time it was said that it measured 150 feet in circumference. John Muir, the naturalist, has visited the tree and reports that it measures at the base only 109 feet, and at four feet above the ground is only 97 feet in circumference. It is, however, larger than "Gen. Sherman" and "Gen. Grant," which heretofore were the recognized monarchs of the forest.

BULL FOUGHT WELL.

Beats Off and Kills Two Marauding Alligators.

Third Saurian Tries to Make Off with a Calf, But Is Defeated by Jim Carew—A Fight Worth Seeing.

Jim Carew, who lives ten miles above Fort Bassinger, Fla., on the river, has some fine cattle, and the best of the lot he pastures in an inclosed pen near the river. There were four cows, a bull and two calves in the lot the other morning when, hearing a terrible din, he trotted out with his gun to see what ailed his pets. Three 'gators had managed to get into the inclosure from the river side, and while one was stalking a calf that he had managed to get to the water's edge, the other two were fighting the enraged cattle.

'Gator No. 1, the biggest of the lot and an ugly customer, was fighting the bull while No. 2 was trying to keep out of the way of the frequent and furious rushes of the cows. No. 3 had the calf in charge. It was bleating loudly and this served to infuriate the cattle

The fight between the bull and his antagonist was a furious and bloody one The bull charged up to the saurian, when the latter nimbly darted aside and gave the bovine a terrible blow with its tail that staggered him. With a loud bellow of rage the bull turned quickly and with good luck hooked the 'gator on the side, half turning him over. The saurian raged and bellowed and finally managed to get loose. He then struck the bull again a sounding whack, half knocking him down. Following this he darted up and caught the bull with his jaws on the nose The bull bellowed with pain and stamped on the 'gator's head For a few minutes they plunged around and then the bull got loose. With more caution he plunged at the 'gator and managed to gore him badly, partly ripping his side open. The 'gator had enough now and tried to crawl away, but the bull kept on pushing and goring till the 'gator was nearly dead. He then jumped on the bloody carcass, furiously stamping on it till it was a shapeless mass.

TUGGING AWAY AT THE CALF.

Meanwhile the cows were having a hard time with No 2. But they managed things differently and had affairs more their own way. They ran toward the 'gator and, watching their chance, jumped on him. This was done repeatedly and the 'gator did not get a chance hardly to strike back. One cow ventured too close and the 'gator's long tail came around with a thud and struck her fairly on the side, sending her a dozen feet. The others, enraged by this, followed their charges by trying to gore the 'gator. He kept out of their way by striking at them and trying to seize their noses in his jaws. One cow was caught by this means and half thrown. As she stood there trembling and moaning with pain, the bull, who had just finished his victim, heard her. He came up with a roar and with the utmost fury pitched at the 'gator. The wily saurian heard him coming and had turned half around when the bull caught him on his horns, half lifting him from the ground. The 'gator clawed and bit at its antagonist and the fight for several minutes was a warm and bloody one. Finally the bull triumphed and got the 'gator under his feet, when he trampled him to death.

No. 3 was all this time trying to get the calf into deep water, but the little fellow was fighting as well as he could and bleating loudly. The 'gator had gotten him into two feet of water when Mr. Carew appeared on the scene. He drew his gun and killed No. 3.

'Gators seldom venture into a herd, says the New York Sun, but will take young cattle and calves from the water's side. These 'gators must have been very hungry, Mr. Carew thinks, to venture a fight as they did with the grown cattle.

Killed by Barbecue Hash.

A plate of hash proved more deadly to Alfred Hobgood than four years' experience as a soldier during the war of the rebellion. He was present at the recent confederate reunion in Dallas, Tex., and regaled himself with a breakfast, the chief dish of which was hash. It chanced to have in it a piece of shoestring with a brass tip at the end. The brass tip caused a fatal attack of blood poisoning.

Where Is Your Share?

If the earth were equally divided among its inhabitants, each person's share would be about 23⅛ acres.

Announcement
—OF—
Voight, Jeweler,
725 SEVENTH STREET N. W.
(Next to Johnson's Grocery)

I beg to announce that I have just returned from New York, where have made extensive purchases in Jewelery and Silverware. The same have rived, are unpacked, and ready for your inspection.

Ladies' 14k, Solid Gold Watches, $20; sold elsewhere; $25
Ladies' Solid Gold Rings, $1, $1.50, $2.50 and $3.50; worth twice the price;
Ladies' Genuine Diamond Rings, $5 up too $100; all of them gems.
Ladies' Solid Gold Lorgnette Chaines, $7 up too $16; all the latest styles.
Ladies' Solid Gold Brooches. $2.50 up too $25.
Gents' Solid Gold Dumb bell Sleeve buttons, $3.50; a useful present.
Gents' 14k. Gold-filled Chains, $2.00 warranted for five years' wear.
Gents' Diamond Sleeve Butons, $5 up; a little gem in each button.
Gent's Diamond Studs, $7.50 up.
Gents' Solid Gold Rings, with genuine stones, from $4 up.
Solid Silver Thimbles, 25c.
Solid Silver Teaspoons, from $4.00 half dozen up.
Ladies's Silver Watches, $4 and $5

VOIGT, 725 7th St. N. W

Established 1863. Established 1863.

A. HERMAN,
RELIABLE CLOTHIER.
738 7th St, N.W
[Corner H Street.]

George Nesline.
ALL KINDS OF WINE 25 CENT BOTT E

Look Out For a Dry Sunday.

Eight Bottles Beer 25 Cts.

Wilson Whiskey Original Package	90c
Silver Creek Pure Rye	40c pt
Washington Club Rye	40c pt
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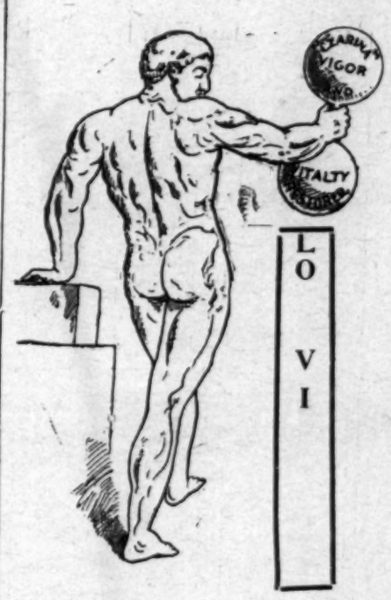
Dr. CZARRA,
RUPTURE CURE
BY



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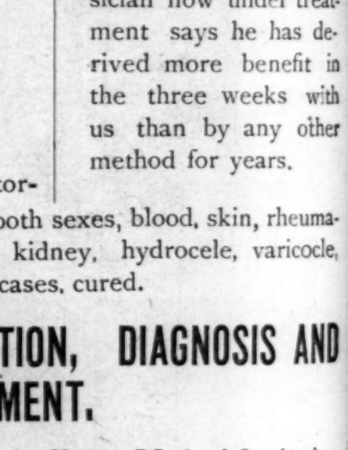

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Only good swimmers are acceptable as recruits in the German army. The best swimmers in the service are able to cross a stream several hundred yards in width even when carrying their clothing, rifle and ammunition.

The Sign of the Cross.

In ancient days the addition of a cross to the signature did not always indicate that the signer could not write, but was added as an attestation of good faith.

Kitty—Only think! Carrie got her new bathing suit wet through the very first time she wore it!

Bertha—Mercy, you don't mean to say that she went into the water?

Kitty—The idea! Of course not. A drenching shower came on all of a sudden.—Boston Transcript.

The Labor.

Blobbs—I hear you have a political job. Is it hard work?

Slobbs—Not after you get it.—Phil.

It Would Grow.

Naggsby—That looks like a mighty small fish for a full-grown man to catch.

Waggsby—Just be patient. None of his folks are with him. It will be big enough when he tells about it.—Lo

I shall in this column endeavor to answer all correspondence that may be sent and urgently request young ladies to read this column, and any questions that they wished answered please send them in before Saturday of each week.

By Miss May Clematis.

M. E. Deception is only practiced by those who have no honor.

N. L. E. Is thoroughly convinced now. True friendship has been manifested.

Etta. Carelessness with friends alienates them and love grows cold.

Dorah. You cannot expect to have true friends, if you are never willing to be accomodating.

Mamie. You can win more by coaxing than you can by threats. Kind words sooth the most stubborn heart.

I. M. It is the honest girl who retains the friendship of her companions.

D. T. The Native Washingtonian's will desect their organization.

Rachel. Don't allow yourself to be persuaded by new faces. Girls act very foolish sometimes.

Ida. Never allow yourself to be influenced to deceive those who are your true friends. False friendship leads one to distruction.

Sarah. Flashy dressing will suit the girl who has no taste, but not a lady of refinement.

Girls are not at all careful of their association now. Some girls like others because they dress well. Don't forget that character is necessary all the time.

Miss M. Your questions have two constructions. If you are convinced that marrying will improve your condition, then accept the advice of your friends. Your mother's advice should be heeded. Divorces are numerous now.

Estelle. You are tired of teaching and your desire is to marry. Do as you think best. If you have him under control now, your fate will never be conjected.

Nella. You should get something in your head. Beauty soon fades and dress is only momentary.

Sis. Yes, you should know how to keep house. Good men will appreciate good house wives.

Sedateness is a quality that will carry any lady through life.

Letter writing should be conducted with care.

A letter should be so written that a third party can read it.

It is in bad taste to come to a conclusion on doubtful information.

Never allow a position to cause you to lose your manners.

One that is never satisfied is always unhappy.

Ammy. Be throughtful. It will pay you in the end. A reliable person can always be relied on.

J. Think well of every one, until you are convinced to the contrary. Don't believe always that your friends are dishonest because they should make a mistake once.

We often dislike one because others do.

We form and express an opinion because of what other people say.

It is alway best to hear both sides of all questions and decide for ourselves.

Girls will talk and form their likes and dislikes because of what other people say.

Don't envy others because they are more successful than you are.

Speak well of every one and don't come to a hasty conclusion.

If you can't speak well of your neighbors it is best to say nothing.

It is bad taste to allow a gentleman to write familiar letters to you, that you have met away.

Pretentions are often construed as banest expressions.

Don't imagine that you are admired because you are told so. Deception is often an underlying principle with some people.

A weak girl will be persuaded by flattery.

It is your dress that men often admire and not yourself.

Put the same face in tattered gowns and see how much you are appreciated.

Be what you are and you will succeed

L. S. You should be one thing or nothing. You cannot have the same mind and appreciation.

Mr. H. H. In your new field of labor, be as you are. Never put on a false face.

A girl should be careful in her dealings with male companions.

Don't wear a flashy dress it will betray your looks.

Pretty manners will often make pretty persons.

COUGHS UP BRASS TACK.

After Eleven Years a Denver Boy Plays Havoc with a Costly Medical Diagnosis.

Cecil Hull a 15-year-old boy who is a pupil in a Denver high school, had been afflicted with bronchial trouble for 11 years. The other day he fell into a severe paroxysm of coughing lasting for three-quarters of an hour. Then he coughed up a membraneous substance which was found to contain a tack he had swallowed when four years old.

It was feared that he was developing tuberculosis, but all efforts to relieve him had proved unsuccessful. Now he is improving and is free from bronchial irritation. Physicians who

THEN HE COUGHED UP.

had worked with the boy declare it to be one of the strangest cases in all their practice affirming it to be almost impossible for a tack to remain for that length of time in a person's throat.

The tack itself was a brass carpet tack about a half inch long. Cecil had swallowed it when he was four years old. Efforts were made at the time to remove it but without success. Later he began to complain of irritation, and then the chronic bronchial trouble developed and caused him suffering for years. His parents naturally are rejoiced at the outcome.

"We feared the boy's health never would be good," said Mr. Hull. "It seemed that the older he grew the more frequent and more violent became the paroxysms of coughing. The strange thing in connection with his case is the fact that none of the physicians who examined him were able to give a reason for his affliction. They could not declare his lungs affected, and yet he had the cough which is considered a sure symptom. When he started to cough in the paroxysm which brought out the tack, I began to fear the end was coming right then, it was so severe. The outcome is most fortunate."

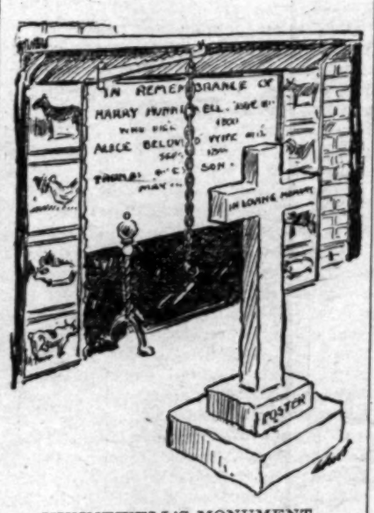
UNIQUE TOMBSTONE.

The Old Fireplace of the Maine Hunnewells Set Up in Cemetery Over Their Graves.

The most remarkable gravestone in all Maine, if, indeed, its like can be found anywhere, is in the Hunnewell family lot at Windham, where a great old-fashioned fireplace serves instead of marble or granite shaft.

The Hunnewells have for two and a half centuries been the foremost people in Windham, and many of the family lie buried in this cemetery. Recently Charles H. Hunnewell, the present head of the family, decided to erect a monument in the cemetery lot.

He decided that the old fireplace where his greatgrandparents did



HUNNEWELL'S MONUMENT.

their cooking and toasted their toes would be more appropriate for the purpose than an ordinary monument. So he had the old fireplace taken from the farmhouse, with its hanging crane, andirons and other belongings, and set up in the graveyard in a framework of bricks taken from the old chimney—bricks that were brought from England in the early part of the seventeenth century.

Thus the fireplace stands, a conspicuous object among the white stones that surround it. The opening is filled in with a metal tablet, upon which is inscribed the record of the Hunnewell family for eight generations, or from 1654 to 1901—247 years.

In the space around the family record appear pictures of fowls, cows, hogs and other live stock owned by the various generations of the Hunnewells, which won prizes at fairs. Seven hens, two hogs, four cows and six oxen appear in single pictures, while others are in a group. There is, in addition, a large picture, representing a farm scene in winter.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

Chicago Barkeeper Thinks They Will Not Return Again.

Says Candidates Nowadays Won't Thaw Out—Calls Them a Lot of Cheap Guys and Chicken-Feed Statesmen.

"Elections are getting quieter and quieter all the time, especially as far as the saloon business is concerned," said a West side bartender to a Chicago Tribune reporter, "and the past election was about the quietest I ever saw. A dollar of campaign money on a saloon bar now is nearly as scarce as a white blackbird.

"No, there's nothin' doin'. It's not like the old election times at all. Then a candidate for alderman or any other political job had to be a good fellow and a spender. His way to boost himself was to go round and paint things red and make them whoop. When you saw him and his gang coming down the street it looked like there was a riot or a revolution. In every saloon there was a congregation of red-eyed bums waiting to get the glad hand and their beer from him and from the other fellow. The crowd would line up at the bar and shout for him and tell him he was the whole thing. Then he would make his little spiel and jolly them up and order drinks, and the same again, and a good cigar for all hands, and throw down a five or a ten-dollar bill, or maybe a $20 bill. And expect any change? Not on your tintype. And no decent bartender would ever dream of giving him any. Bet your life he wouldn't.

"But my, how different now! The old candidates were princes compared with some of these fellows. A cheaper lot of guys never came over the pike, and how they have the gall to look for votes is what gets me. Most of them seem to be members of the W. C. T. U. Soda water and brown pop is their limit, and they seem to expect to get it for nothing.

"Why, the other day a candidate for something or other, one of these

SLAPS A HANDFUL ON THE BAR.

cheap statesmen of the new-fangled stripe of 'dead game sports,' save us all! floated in here with a lot of ward heelers, ordered beers for the rounders and ginger ale for himself and his particular grooms, and handed me a two-dollar bill. His eyes grew like saucers when I rung up the whole two dollars on the register.

"Don't I get any change, bartender?" he asked, and he figured it out that I owed him 35 cents.

"'I don't do business that way,' I says, 'not at election times. If you're so ignorant of campaign etiquette, your mother had better keep you at home. You're a hot proposition for a representative, you are!'

"He looked so mad that I made a break for the bung starter. O, it gives me the chills. I'd like to have seen that fellow's finish a few years ago.

"And the skate that is running against him isn't any improvement, either, although he's an alderman and a saloon keeper and ought to know better. A poor welcome he'd have in his own joint for any political candidate who'd leave less than ten bucks on his greasy old bar. And what is he doing on his glorious campaign? I'll tell you his little dodge. He puts a lot of dimes and nickels in his pocket before he starts out and he slaps a handful of them on the bar with a big bluff at reckless generosity and says: 'Come on, old man, I'm feelin' good to-day; give the boys a drink and have one on me yourself, and take the price out of that.' He tried it on me, but it didn't work. I scooped up the measly little pile of chicken feed, about $1.60, and swept it into the till.

"'That's all right, Johnny,' I says, 'but it's a poor way of doing business during a hot campaign, seein' that it cuts no ice for me and puts no slates on the house. Get proper and be a model candidate,' says I.

"Then he gets mad, too, and goes away with his nose in the air.

"So that's the kind of thing we saloon keepers was up against this fall campaign, and that's the kind of stuff a lot of these noble new statesmen are made of. They'll give you plenty of guff, but to get them to loosen up is like trying to find the north pole. They're goin' round to private houses jollyin' the women and coaxin' them to have their husbands vote for them, and kissin' the children and maybe givin' them a cent here and there. But the good old times are gone and the days of the saloon campaign are over."

Fortune Spent on Levees.

During the last 37 years Louisiana has spent $30,000,000 on the levees of the Mississippi.

PLAYS WITH SNAKES.

Two-Year-Old Denver Boy Takes Pleasure and Delight in Handling Reptile Pets.

Probably the smallest snake charmer, in this country, at least, is "Brother" Latham, the two-year-old son of Albert Latham, of Denver. Where the baby gets his inclination and his bravery is not known, but he gets his opportunities because his uncle, Harry Davis, is a well-known snake fancier.

The baby enjoys nothing more than to play with some of the harmless snakes which his uncle will allow him to handle. The uncle's favorite reptile is the rattlesnake—probably be-

NOT IN THE LEAST AFRAID.

cause there is an element of danger in handling them.

This fancy has cost Mr. Davis seven bites already, but each time he has wrapped his arm tightly to shut off circulation and has sucked the poison from the wound, feeling no ill effects.

There will be no more rattlesnake bites inflicted by his collection of snakes for the present, at least, as the last of his favorites was killed recently in an encounter with a bull snake. He himself saw the fight, but he allowed it to proceed too far to save the rattler after it was in the coils of its antagonist.

When Mr. Davis observed the conflict the rattler was coiled ready to strike, and both snakes were flashing out their tongues at each other. The bull kept well out of range, and simply circled around the rattler, seeming to watch for an opening. This circular movement finally frightened the rattler, and it uncoiled and endeavored to glide away. That was the bull's opportunity, and before the rattler could coil again it had been seized just back of the neck, and was in the coils of the bull.

Mr. Davis ran to the rescue of his favorite, but before he could be of service the bull straightened out its coils, and he could feel the bones of the rattler crack as they pulled out of place.

BUZZARD FLEW AWAY.

And with Him Went Game Rooster That Was Tied to His Feet for a Hot Fight.

Jack Wills, of Winchester, Ky., former representative in the legislature, enjoys the reputation of being a practical joker of no mean capacity. His brother-in-law, George Ballard, a prominent breeder of fine horses and owner of Pinchem Wilkes, a noted pacer, has on his place a pen of highly bred game chickens.

While George was showing Jack his favorite rooster and expatiating on his

ILL-MATED PAIR FADED AWAY.

great prowess Jack pretended to regard the bird as a very ordinary chicken and said he could whip him with a buzzard.

A hot argument ensued resulting in a match being arranged for between the rooster and a buzzard, which Jack agreed to produce. Jack had a trap set, and in a short time his uncommon warrior, a very large buzzard, was brought to him.

According to the terms of the contest the rooster was duly equipped with gaffs, and the two birds were linked together by the feet with a yard or so of stout cord intervening to give room for action, as Jack explained.

As the rooster braced himself for the onslaught the buzzard regarded him with stolid indifference, and at the first pass lifted his wings and sailed away, with the rooster squawking in its wake. George ran for a gun, but before he could get back with it the buzzard and the rooster were high in the air and away out of reach of his fowling piece. The distressing cries of the unfortunate rooster grew fainter and fainter, until finally they were heard no more, and the ill-mated pair faded away in the ether blue. Nothing has since been heard of the birds, and while Jack is telling the story with much gusto George is mourning the loss of his best gamecock.

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Turned Girls' Heads.

"Do you see that tall chap, Pedro? Well, he has turned many a girl's head."

"But he is neither handsome nor rich."

"I know that."

"Then how did he turn girls' heads?"

"With his preparation. He manufactures hair bleach."—Philadelphia Record.

A Foolish Question.

Dora—Oh, I'm in such distress of mind and I want your advice. I am loved by three men, and I don't know which to accept.

Clara—Which one has the most money?

Dora—If I knew that, do you suppose I'd waste pre ious time running around for advice?—N. Y. Weekly.

Under False Scent.

Cholley Tenper—Heavens! old chappie, why do you persist in cleaning your clothes with gasoline? Everybody you pass can smell the dreadful odor.

Harold Hallroom—Is that a fact?

Cholly Tenper—Certainly.

Harold Hallroom—Just imagine how many people will think I own an automobile!—Town Topics.

More Talk for Less Money.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—They say that woman, by getting into different occupations formerly monopolized by men, are reducing the scale of wages.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Yes; that's right; and I see now we've got women lawyers. I'm glad of that.

"Why?"

"Well, they'll charge less and talk more."—Yonkers Statesman.

Continuous Performance.

The Doctor—The boy has evidently been eating too much between meals.

The Father—Nonsense! A boy can't eat in his sleep.

The Doctor—How do you mean?

The Father—I mean that each meal of his begins when he gets up in the morning and doesn't end till he goes to bed.—Philadelphia Press.

Quite a Difference.

Mr. Wallace—It seems to me that if ever a bachelor realizes his unhappy lot it must be when he is in bed ill.

Mrs. Wallace—Yes. There is a great difference between a hired nurse and a wife. If he goes to throwing the medicine bottles and things at the nurse when she happens to hurt his rheumatism she will leave.—Tit-Bits.

He Was an Angel.

"It's easy enough," remarked the melancholy man, "to make friends, but it's hard to keep them."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the other, who was jovial and wealthy, "all my friends consider me easy and are satisfied to let me keep them."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Woes of the Collector.

"Did you get anything out of her?" asked the business manager of the collector.

"Yes, she paid me a compliment. Said she wouldn't be afraid to trust me with the money if she had it."—N. Y. Times.

Thick.

Briggs—The electric light has gone out on the other side of the hotel piazza.

Griggs—Yes, I had to elbow my way through the lovers there just now.—Life.

Apologetic.

"'Twas rude of you to treat me so,"
She spoke in accents soft and low.
I answered then: "'Twas rude, although
How much 'twas rued, I only know."
—Brooklyn Eagle.

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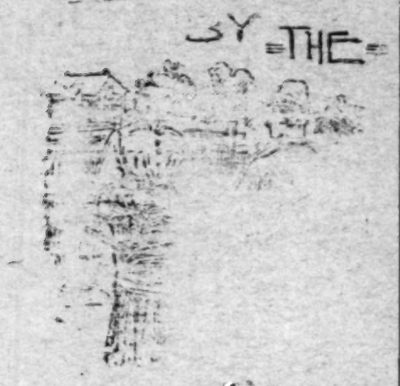
Nothing in language is more fascinating than the shades of meaning which grow up around a word and cling to it and then gradually fall away, making room for others. No conspirator will ever plead guilty to conspiracy. Call it some more acceptable name and he will not object. Words, that is to say, have a moral character, and the invidious term is the one we repudiate with scorn. The man who prides himself on his close-fistedness would never admit that he is mean. Tell the implacable that he is resentful and he will plead guilty; hint that he is vindictive and he will slam the door behind him. One word is invidious, the other is not.—Portland Oregonian.

In Japan.

A writer, describing scenes on Japanese railways, says when a native lady enters the carriage she slips her feet from her tiny shoes, stands upon the seat, and then sits demurely with her feet doubled up beneath her. A moment later she lights a cigarette, or her little pipe, which holds just tobacco enough to produce two good whiffs of smoke. All Japanese people sit with their feet upon the seat of the car, and not as Europeans do. When the ticket collector, attired in a blue uniform, enters the carriage he removes his cap and twice bows politely. He repeats the bow as he comes to each passenger to collect the tickets from them.—N. Y. Sun.



They Say.

What has become of the Maryland negro democrats.

It looks like Judge Gould.

The democratic party will teach the republicans civil service reform if they ever get in power.

Recorder J. C. Dancy is making a good record.

Judge Bundy of the Police Court is the right man in the right place.

There is a great deal that could be said of the election.

What has become of Booker T. Washington's leadership.

Some people imagine that office makes them leaders.

The self constituted committee that went to Oyster Bay, Terrell and McKinley, ought to suggest to the President that self constituted eadership should be recognized.

There are times in the affairs of men that lead to destruction.

The negro Tammany of New York is not what it used to be.

Ex-Chief Lee is spoken of as a man of news.

They all can now see how important it is to have the leadership of Lee.

The sons of New York have disbanded.

The negro Justice of the Peace who is interfering with the business of the lawyers will be investigated by the Attorney General.

He should attend to the business of his office and allow people to select whatever lawyer they want.

Old bachelors are like some old maids, they can see nothing good in the v i

While people are meddling with other peoples' busines they lose what they have.

The democratic party hasn't sense enough to secure the negro vote.

Mr. Bryan was not consulted in the last election.

Now that the lily white party South has failed what will it do next.

There is no solidity to a bombastic show.

It is not the man who knows it all, that will tell it.

Jerry Brown is in Ohio doing well. He is a hustler.

Senator Hanna is a man of nerve and when he tells you anything you can depend on it.

If the southern republicans, permit themselves to be reduced, they haven't very much nerve.

Vice Chairman Payne has a load upon his shoulders.

The fault is with the republican Congress.

Reduce the representation in Congress and then you will have no trouble with republican delegates from the Sou'h.

There will not be many more southern democrats appointed.

Booker T. Washington knows how to make office seekers dance.

It is best that you don't express your opinion until you have been informed of both sides.

The New York democrats have been encouraged.

The recent election in that State is no indication that the democrats will win in 1904.

Tom Johnson in Ohio is now a very small man.

He bit off more than he could chew.

He escaped to Paris without his grip.

JOE MEALEY'S RIDE.

Unique Bareback Gallop on an Enraged Deer.

Hair-Raising Experience of a California Mountaineer Who Mounted His Quarry a Few Minutes Too Soon.

Few more thrilling experiences can be imagined than that recently undergone by a young California mountaineer named Joseph Mealey.

"Some young fellows from Oakland," he says in the Philadelphia Press, "were up here looking for big game. They had the latest and best kinds of shooting material, new style rifles and pistols, and the like, but there wasn't a shotgun in the party.

"They were poor hunters and were so scared of shooting one another that they persisted in hunting in a bunch. I finally got disgusted with them and on the second morning after their arrival set out alone to bag a deer. I was up at daylight and set out over the mountains.

"I didn't see a sign of deer, although I trudged all over one side of the slope. The sun was up pretty high when I set my rifle against a big bowlder and jumped on to a rock to sit down a moment and smoke.

"While I was gazing lazily about me I heard the thud-thud-thud, and I knew a deer was jumping down the mountain. I slid off the bowlder quick, grabbed the rifle, and laid low. Again I heard the thud of the deer's jump, and, looking over the rock I saw a big buck trotting slowly across the small opening down the mountain.

"The deer was north of me and the breeze came from that direction, so I hurried straight down the mountain. While I was sneaking along I looked over a clump of brush, and there, out in plain view, stood the buck. He was a big one I tell you, and with his great antlers hanged if he didn't look big as an elk to me.

"I should judge he was about 200 yards from me. He was standing there

IN PLAIN VIEW STOOD THE BUCK.

tossing his head as though some sort of a fly was bothering him, and I decided to give it to him through the heart. I wasn't well acquainted with the rifle, but I aimed careful and let him have it.

"When I reached him I took my hunting knife out of my belt to bleed him. Before this I stood looking down at him for a few seconds, for he was by far the biggest deer I ever saw—a six pronger.

"I had my foot on his hind quarters. Then I straddles him, holding his antlers to keep his head steady, and with my left hand started to cut his neck.

"No sooner did the knife prick his skin before that buck was on his feet. I was too scared to notice how it was done, but I know that his forelegs went out first and he was up quick as a flash.

"I already had a grip on his antlers with my right hand, and as I dropped my knife I grabbed them with my left. I was too paralyzed to think even, but I can tell you that he and I were off like the wind—with me hanging on for dear life.

"Over rocks, across dry ditches, and over the patches of buck brush that animal went as if he had never been hurt, and although I stayed with the wildest bronchos Montana could produce, I never had such trouble as that.

"People have asked me many times if trotting and leaping were the only gaits of a deer. That particular buck deer seemed to have 'em all. No spurs were needed for that animal, I tell you.

"About this time the animal slowed to a trot, and he gave a bleat much as would a calf, then staggered and fell.

"I threw myself off his back before he commenced to reel, but I saw blood gushing out of his nose and mouth as he dropped. He was game, for he tried to get his feet again—then dropped over, dead.

"The distance from where the deer started after I first dropped him to where he dropped me was close on to a half mile."

A Reproof.

She (walking home from church)—Did you notice that lovely Parisian hat Mrs. Styler was wearing? I could think of nothing else the whole time.

He—No, my dear, can't say I did. To tell you the truth, I was half asleep most of the time.

She—Then you ought to be ashamed to own it. A nice lot of good the service must have done you, I must say.—Ally Sloper.

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LED A DOUBLE LIFE.

Col. Plant's Sudden Death Reveals Strange Doings.

Known as "Edmund Hall" in a Quiet English Village Where He Reared a Family — Two Plates on His Coffin.

A London cable to the New York Sun says that from the west of England there comes a strange story of the double life lived by a man without suspicion for more than 19 years, his neighbors, and even his own son, being ignorant of it till his sudden death revealed the truth.

Nineteen years ago there came to live in a house called the Old Grange, in the small Dorsetshire village of Oborne, Edmund Hall, an accountant by profession. He lived at Oborne with his wife and family for 19 years, during which period they gained the respect of the whole neighborhood.

Mr. Hall was a great bee fancier. On Monday, September 1, he drove with his little son to a neighboring farm in the village of Templecombe, where he took some hives of bees. Afterward he went to a farmhouse, and while taking tea with the wife of the farmer he suddenly fell dead of heart disease. No suspicions were aroused, although some surprise was expressed at the news that Mr. Hall would be buried on the following Saturday at Bristol, instead of in Oborne churchyard, where a son, 17½ years of age, who died in 1901, and a son 16 days old, who died in 1902, lie buried.

On Wednesday the Bristol newspapers announced the sudden death of heart disease on the previous Monday at a small village near Templecombe of one of the most distinguished, best known and respected inhabitants of Bristol, Col. Edmund Carter Plant, C. B., who would be buried on Saturday in Bristol with full military honors. Some residents of Sherbourne, where Hall was well known, on seeing this, noticed the strange coincidences of the date and the manner and cause

CHANGED THE PLATES.

of the two men's deaths. But the editor of the Sherbourne Post suspected something more. He made inquiries which convinced him as to the identity of Hall and Plant, but he was unable to prove his case. However, he did not lose sight of the body, which on Friday evening was taken to the station attended by a large number of sorrowing villagers, and was placed in the guard's van. The coffin plate was seen to be inscribed "Edmund Hall. Died September 9, 1902, aged 60 years."

The Bristol undertaker entered the van with the coffin, but at the junction where the van was detached and coupled to another train this man changed to an ordinary carriage and when the train had arrived at Bristol the coffin plate was seen to be inscribed:

"Edmund Carter Plant, C. B., Colonel Bristol Engineers, died September 9, 1902, aged 60."

On Saturday the streets of Bristol were thronged with thousands of people anxious to see the funeral, which was the finest military spectacle the populace had seen since the late Queen Victoria visited the place in 1897. Eight colonels acted as pallbearers. Thus this distinguished resident of Bristol was laid in the cemetery of the town beside his wife, who died in 1900, and to whom he was married in 1865.

Plant's career, from his boyhood, with the exception of the 19 years he lived at Oborne as Hall, is well known. He had lived at Bristol since 1861. According to Who's Who, he was lieutenant colonel and colonel commanding of the Second Gloster volunteers, R. E. (the Bristol engineers). He passed through all the grades from sapper to colonel commanding.

Not until his death was the identity of their father revealed to their children at Oborne. "Mrs. Hall" knew, and but for the clumsy work of his legal advisers when they notified the newspapers of the colonel's death, the secret would never have been revealed. The mention of Templecombe gave the clew, however, and resulted in the exposure. The colonel's absence at Bristol or Oborne, "on business," never aroused the slightest suspicion.

The Wild Man of Borneo.

A professional "Wild Man of Borneo," named Calvin Bird, a negro, went to a hospital at Syracuse, N. Y., to have his horns removed. Under his scalp a silver plate had been ingeniously inserted, in which stood two standards. Into these standards, when he was on exhibition, Bird had screwed two goat's horns, and thousands of people have paid to see his horns and hear him bark.

AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

Son of British Colonial Secretary Who Has Been Appointed Postmaster General.

Austen Chamberlain recently succeeded Lord Londonderry and with his father, Joseph Chamberlain, the colonial secretary, now occupies a place in the British cabinet. He is a "chip of the old block" and a young man of great promise. He was educated at Rugby and Trinity college, Cambridge, and has already served as civil lord of the admiralty and as financial secretary to the treasury.

Mr. Chamberlain's appointment has some direct interest for the United States, for there has been a lot of complaint about the delay in getting American mails through to London from Queenstown, and it is expected that the new man will look into the trouble. Furthermore, the question of a parcels post with the United States is up for discussion, and Mr. Chamberlain is known to be deeply interested in that subject.

HON. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN. (Postmaster General in the Reconstructed British Cabinet.)

It speaks well for the younger Chamberlain that his father's bitterest enemies—he has a wonderful collection of enemies—have had little criticism to offer over the son's appointment to succeed the marquis of Londonderry. The rich and ornate marquis got the place because he had a political pull, was rather sore at the government, and had to be placated. Even the conservatives admit that he was about the most inefficient postmaster general St. Martin's-le-Grand had ever seen.

Young Chamberlain, on the contrary, is a quiet, level-headed business man, who can be depended upon to make the fusty permanent officials in the post office sit up. Their motto apparently is: "It must be done thus, for thus it always has been done."

Postmaster General Chamberlain, who will be 40 next year, is about the same age as his second stepmother—the third Mrs. Chamberlain—who was the daughter of Judge Endicott, of Massachusetts. He lives with his father and is unmarried. He is not at all a bumptious young man, and is making his way largely on his own merits. He has a wonderful opportunity for cutting out a great future for himself by reforms in the post office.

JOKE WAS ON DOCTOR.

Asked a Question in School and Got an Answer He Neither Expected Nor Desired.

Dr. J. L. M. Curry, special ambassador to Spain, tells the following anecdote, says Harper's Magazine:

In the discharge of his duties in promoting the cause of education he has been frequently called upon to address the pupils of schools he has been visiting. On one occasion he was at a rural school, and the usual address was expected at the close of the exercises. The children went

DR. J. L. M. CURRY. (Noted Southern Educator, Politician and Publicist.)

through a number of calisthenic exercises, which were, probably, somewhat elaborated in honor of the distinguished visitor, and then came the doctor's speech. Thinking that it was a favorable occasion to impress upon his youthful auditors the importance of drill and practice, the doctor, after expressing the pleasure that the exercises had given him, told the children that they had done far better than he could have done, and then asked:

"Can some one of you tell me why it is that I cannot do these calisthenic exercises as well as you have done them?"

After an instant's pause a small hand went up, and, on receiving an encouraging word from the doctor, a little boy stood up and said:

"'Cause you are old and stiff in the j'ints"—which was not exactly the answer either expected or desired.

I shall in this column endeavor to answer all correspondence that may be sent and urgently request young ladies to read this column, and any questions that they wished answered please send them in before Saturday of each week.

By Miss May Clematis.

M. E. Deception is only practiced by those who have no honor.

N. L. E. Is thoroughly convinced now. True friendship has been manifested.

Etta. Carelessness with friends alienates them and love grows cold.

Dorah. You cannot expect to have true friends, if you are never willing to be accomodating.

Mamie. You can win more by coaxing than you can by threats. Kind words sooth the most stubborn heart.

I. M. It is the honest girl who retains the friendship of her companions.

D. T. The Native Washingtonian's will desect their organization.

Rachel. Don't allow yourself to be persuaded by new faces. Girls act very foolish sometimes.

Ida. Never allow yourself to be influenced to deceive those who are your true friends. False friendship leads one to distruction.

Sarah. Flashy dressing will suit the girl who has no taste, but not a lady of refinement.

Girls are not at all careful of their association now. Some girls like others because they dress well Don't forget that character is necessary all the time.

Miss M. Your questions have two constructions. If you are convinced that marrying will improve your condition, then accept the advice of your friends. Your mother's advice should be heeded. Divorces are numerous now.

Estelle. You are tired of teaching and your desire is to marry. Do as you think best. If you have him under control now, your fate will never be conjected.

Nella. You should get something in your head. Beauty soon fades and dress is only momentary.

Sis. Yes, you should know how to keep house. Good men will appreciate good house wives.

Sedateness is a quality that will carry any lady through life.

Letter writing should be conducted with care.

A letter should be so written that a third party can read it.

It is in bad taste to come to a conclusion on doubtful information.

Never allow a position to cause you to lose your manners.

One that is never satisfied is always unhappy.

Ammy. Be throughtful. It will pay you in the end. A reliable person can always be relied on.

J. Think well of every one, until you are convinced to the contrary. Don't believe always that your friends are dishonest because they, should make a mistake once.

We often dislike one because others do.

We form and express an opinion because of what other people say.

It is alway best to hear both sides of all questions and decide for ourselves.

Girls will talk and form their likes and dislikes because of what other people say.

Don't envy others because they are more successful than you are.

Speak well of every one and don't come to a hasty conclusion.

If you can't speak well of your neighbors it is best to say nothing.

It is bad taste to allow a gentleman to write familiar letters to you, that you have met away.

Pretentions are often construed as hanest expressions.

Don't imagine that you are admired be cause you are told so. Deception is often an underlying principle with some people.

A weak girl will be persuaded by flattery.

It is your dress that men often admire and not yourself.

Put the same face in tattered gowns and see how much you are appreciated.

Be what you are and you will succeed

L. S, You should be one thing or nothing. You cannot have the same mind and appreciation.

Mr. H. H. In your new field of labor, be as you are. Never put on a false face.

A girl should be careful in her dealings with male companions.

Don't wear a flashy dress it will beray your looks.

Pretty manners will often make pretpersons.

COUGHS UP BRASS TACK.

After Eleven Years a Denver Boy Plays Havoc with a Costly Medical Diagnosis.

Cecil Hull a 15-year-old boy who is a pupil in a Denver high school, had been afflicted with bronchial trouble for 11 years. The other day he fell into a severe paroxysm of coughing lasting for three-quarters of an hour. Then he coughed up a membraneous substance which was found to contain a tack he had swallowed when four years old.

It was feared that he was developing tuberculosis, but all efforts to relieve him had proved unsuccessful. Now he is improving and is free from bronchial irritation. Physicians who

THEN HE COUGHED UP.

had worked with the boy declare it to be one of the strangest cases in all their practice affirming it to be almost impossible for a tack to remain for that length of time in a person's throat.

The tack itself was a brass carpet tack about a half inch long. Cecil had swallowed it when he was four years old. Efforts were made at the time to remove it but without success. Later he began to complain of irritation, and then the chronic bronchial trouble developed and caused him suffering for years. His parents naturally are rejoiced at the outcome.

"We feared the boy's health never would be good," said Mr. Hull. "It seemed that the older he grew the more frequent and more violent became the paroxysms of coughing. The strange thing in connection with his case is the fact that none of the physicians who examined him were able to give a reason for his affliction. They could not declare his lungs affected, and yet he had the cough which is considered a sure symptom. When he started to cough in the paroxysm which brought out the tack, I began to fear the end was coming right then, it was so severe. The outcome is most fortunate."

UNIQUE TOMBSTONE.

The Old Fireplace of the Maine Hunnewells Set Up in Cemetery Over Their Graves.

The most remarkable gravestone in all Maine, if, indeed, its like can be found anywhere, is in the Hunnewell family lot at Windham, where a great old-fashioned fireplace serves instead of marble or granite shaft.

The Hunnewells have for two and a half centuries been the foremost people in Windham, and many of the family lie buried in this cemetery. Recently Charles H. Hunnewell, the present head of the family, decided to erect a monument in the cemetery lot.

He decided that the old fireplace where his greatgrandparents did

HUNNEWELL'S MONUMENT.

their cooking and toasted their toes would be more appropriate for the purpose than an ordinary monument. So he had the old fireplace taken from the farmhouse, with its hanging crane, andirons and other belongings, and set up in the graveyard in a framework of bricks taken from the old chimney—bricks that were brought from England in the early part of the seventeenth century.

Thus the fireplace stands, a conspicuous object among the white stones that surround it. The opening is filled in with a metal tablet, upon which is inscribed the record of the Hunnewell family for eight generations, or from 1654 to 1901—247 years.

In the space around the family record appear pictures of fowls, cows, hogs and other live stock owned by the various generations of the Hunnewells, which won prizes at fairs. Seven hens, two hogs, four cows and six oxen appear in single pictures, while others are in a group. There is, in addition, a large picture, representing a farm scene in winter.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

Chicago Barkeeper Thinks They Will Not Return Again.

Says Candidates Nowadays Won't Thaw Out—Calls Them a Lot of Cheap Guys and Chicken-Feed Statesmen.

"Elections are getting quieter and quieter all the time, especially as far as the saloon business is concerned," said a West side bartender to a Chicago Tribune reporter, "and the past election was about the quietest I ever saw. A dollar of campaign money on a saloon bar now is nearly as scarce as a white blackbird.

"No, there's nothin' doin'. It's not like the old election times at all. Then a candidate for alderman or any other political job had to be a good fellow and a spender. His way to boost himself was to go round and paint things red and make them whoop. When you saw him and his gang coming down the street it looked like there was a riot or a revolution. In every saloon there was a congregation of red-eyed bums waiting to get the glad hand and their beer from him and from the other fellow. The crowd would line up at the bar and shout for him and tell him he was the whole thing. Then he would make his little spiel and jolly them up and order drinks, and the same again, and a good cigar for all hands, and throw down a five or a ten-dollar bill, or maybe a $20 bill. And expect any change? Not on your tintype. And no decent bartender would ever dream of giving him any. Bet your life he wouldn't.

"But my, how different now! The old candidates were princes compared with some of these fellows. A cheaper lot of guys never came over the pike, and how they have the gall to look for votes is what gets me. Most of them seem to be members of the W. C. T. U. Soda water and brown pop is their limit, and they seem to expect to get it for nothing.

"Why, the other day a candidate for something or other, one of these

SLAPS A HANDFUL ON THE BAR.

cheap statesmen of the new-fangled stripe of 'dead game sports,' save us all! floated in here with a lot of ward heelers, ordered beers for the rounders and ginger ale for himself and his particular grooms, and handed me a two-dollar bill. His eyes grew like saucers when I rung up the whole two dollars on the register.

"Don't I get any change, bartender?" he asked, and he figured it out that I owed him 35 cents.

"'I don't do business that way,' I says, 'not at election times. If you're so ignorant of campaign etiquette, your mother had better keep you at home. You're a hot proposition for a representative, you are!"

"He looked so mad that I made a break for the bung starter. O, it gives me the chills. I'd like to have seen that fellow's finish a few years ago.

"And the skate that is running against him isn't any improvement, either, although he's an alderman and a saloon keeper and ought to know better. A poor welcome he'd have in his own joint for any political candidate who'd leave less than ten bucks on his greasy old bar. And what is he doing on his glorious campaign? I'll tell you his little dodge. He puts a lot of dimes and nickels in his pocket before he starts out and he slaps a handful of them on the bar with a big bluff at reckless generosity and says: 'Come on, old man, I'm feelin' good to-day; give the boys a drink and have one on me yourself, and take the price out of that.' He tried it on me, but it didn't work. I scooped up the measly little pile of chicken feed, about $1.60, and swept it into the till.

"'That's all right, Johnny,' I says, 'but it's a poor way of doing business during a hot campaign, seein' that it cuts no ice for me and puts no slates on the house. Get proper and be a model candidate,' says I.

"Then he gets mad, too, and goes away with his nose in the air.

"So that's the kind of thing we saloon keepers was up against this fall campaign, and that's the kind of stuff a lot of these noble new statesmen are made of. They'll give you plenty of guff, but to get them to loosen up is like trying to find the north pole. They're goin' round to private houses jollyin' the women and coaxin' them to have their husbands vote for them, and kissin' the children and maybe givin' them a cent here and there. But the good old times are gone and the days of the saloon campaign are over."

Fortune Spent on Levees.

During the last 37 years Louisiana has spent $30,000,000 on the levees of the Mississippi.

PLAYS WITH SNAKES.

Two-Year-Old Denver Boy Takes Pleasure and Delight in Handling Reptile Pets.

Probably the smallest snake charmer, in this country, at least, is "Brother" Latham, the two-year-old son of Albert Latham, of Denver. Where the baby gets his inclination and his bravery is not known, but he gets his opportunities because his uncle, Harry Davis, is a well-known snake fancier.

The baby enjoys nothing more than to play with some of the harmless snakes which his uncle will allow him to handle. The uncle's favorite reptile is the rattlesnake—probably be-

NOT IN THE LEAST AFRAID.

cause there is an element of danger in handling them.

This fancy has cost Mr. Davis seven bites already, but each time he has wrapped his arm tightly to shut off circulation and has sucked the poison from the wound, feeling no ill effects.

There will be no more rattlesnake bites inflicted by his collection of snakes for the present, at least, as the last of his favorites was killed recently in an encounter with a bull snake. He himself saw the fight, but he allowed it to proceed too far to save the rattler after it was in the coils of its antagonist.

When Mr. Davis observed the conflict the rattler was coiled ready to strike, and both snakes were flashing out their tongues at each other. The bull kept well out of range, and simply circled around the rattler, seeming to watch for an opening. This circular movement finally frightened the rattler, and it uncoiled and endeavored to glide away. That was the bull's opportunity, and before the rattler could coil again it had been seized just back of the neck, and was in the coils of the bull.

Mr. Davis ran to the rescue of his favorite, but before he could be of service the bull straightened out its coils, and he could feel the bones of the rattler crack as they pulled out of place.

BUZZARD FLEW AWAY.

And with Him Went Game Rooster That Was Tied to His Feet for a Hot Fight.

Jack Wills, of Winchester, Ky., former representative in the legislature, enjoys the reputation of being a practical joker of no mean capacity. His brother-in-law, George Ballard, a prominent breeder of fine horses and owner of Pinchem Wilkes, a noted pacer, has on his place a pen of highly bred game chickens.

While George was showing Jack his favorite rooster and expatiating on his

ILL-MATED PAIR FADED AWAY.

great prowess Jack pretended to regard the bird as a very ordinary chicken and said he could whip him with a buzzard.

A hot argument ensued resulting in a match being arranged for between the rooster and a buzzard, which Jack agreed to produce. Jack had a trap set, and in a short time his uncommon warrior, a very large buzzard, was brought to him.

According to the terms of the contest the rooster was duly equipped with gaffs, and the two birds were linked together by the feet with a yard or so of stout cord intervening to give room for action, as Jack explained.

As the rooster braced himself for the onslaught the buzzard regarded him with stolid indifference, and at the first pass lifted his wings and sailed away, with the rooster squawking in its wake. George ran for a gun, but before he could get back with it the buzzard and the rooster were high in the air and away out of reach of his fowling piece. The distressing cries of the unfortunate rooster grew fainter and fainter, until finally they were heard no more, and the ill-mated pair faded away in the ether blue. Nothing has since been heard of the birds, and while Jack is telling the story with much gusto George is mourning the loss of his best gamecock.

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-Hair Restorer.-

All who are dersirous of having a beautiful suit of hair, or if your hair is falling out, you should get a bottle of Hairoline, better known as the Renowned Hair Restorer Oriental Complexion Cre m ao cures all skin diseases and makes the skin like velvet. Price, 25c to 75c per bottle.

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Telephone for Office Main 1727
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Where I can accommodate fifty horses. Call and inspect our new and modern caskets and investigate our methods of doing First-class work.

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J. H. DABNEY,
Proprietor

Turned Girls' Heads.

"Do you see that tall chap, Pedro? Well, he has turned many a girl's head."

"But he is neither handsome nor rich."

"I know that."

"Then how did he turn girls' heads?"

"With his preparation. He manufactures hair bleach."—Philadelphia Record.

A Foolish Question.

Dora—Oh, I'm in such distress of mind and I want your advice. I am loved by three men, and I don't know which to accept.

Clara—Which one has the most money?

Dora—If I knew that, do you suppose I'd waste precious time running around for advice?"—N. Y. Weekly.

Under False Scent.

Cholley Tenper—Heavens! old chappie, why do you persist in cleaning your clothes with gasoline? Everybody you pass can smell the dreadful odor.

Harold Hallroom—Is that a fact?

Cholly Tenper—Certainly.

Harold Hallroom—Just imagine how many people will think I own an automobile!—Town Topics.

More Talk for Less Money.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—They say that woman, by getting into different occupations formerly monopolized by men, are reducing the scale of wages.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Yes; that's right; and I see now we've got women lawyers. I'm glad of that.

"Why?"

"Well, they'll charge less and talk more."—Yonkers Statesman.

Continuous Performance.

The Doctor—The boy has evidently been eating too much between meals.

The Father—Nonsense! A boy can't eat in his sleep.

The Doctor—How do you mean?

The Father—I mean that each meal of his begins when he gets up in the morning and doesn't end till he goes to bed.—Philadelphia Press.

Quite a Difference.

Mr. Wallace—It seems to me that if ever a bachelor realizes his unhappy lot it must be when he is in bed ill.

Mrs. Wallace—Yes. There is a great difference between a hired nurse and a wife. If he goes to throwing the medicine bottles and things at the nurse when she happens to hurt his rheumatism she will leave.—Tit-Bits.

He Was an Angel.

"It's easy enough," remarked the melancholy man, "to make friends, but it's hard to keep them."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the other, who was jovial and wealthy, "all my friends consider me easy and are satisfied to let me keep them."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Woes of the Collector.

"Did you get anything out of her?" asked the business manager of the collector.

"Yes, she paid me a compliment. Said she wouldn't be afraid to trust me with the money if she had it."—N. Y. Times.

Thick.

Briggs—The electric light has gone out on the other side of the hotel piazza.

Griggs—Yes, I had to elbow my way through the lovers there just now.—Life.

Apologetic.

"'Twas rude of you to treat me so,"
She spoke in accents soft and low.
I answered then: "'Twas rude, although
How much 'twas rued, I only know."
—Brooklyn Eagle.

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Nothing in language is more fascinating than the shades of meaning which grow up around a word and cling to it and then gradually fall away, making room for others. No conspirator will ever plead guilty to conspiracy. Call it some more acceptable name and he will not object. Words, that is to say, have a moral character, and the invidious term is the one we repudiate with scorn. The man who prides himself on his close-fistedness would never admit that he is mean. Tell the implacable that he is resentful and he will plead guilty; hint that he is vindictive and he will slam the door behind him. One word is invidious, the other is not.—Portland Oregonian.

In Japan.

A writer, describing scenes on Japanese railways, says when a native lady enters the carriage she slips her feet from her tiny shoes, stands upon the seat, and then sits demurely with her feet doubled up beneath her. A moment later she lights a cigarette, or her little pipe, which holds just tobacco enough to produce two good whiffs of smoke. All Japanese people sit with their feet upon the seat of the car, and not as Europeans do. When the ticket collector, attired in a blue uniform, enters the carriage he removes his cap and twice bows politely. He repeats the bow as he comes to each passenger to collect the tickets from them.—N. Y. Sun.

They Say.

What has become of the Maryland negro democrats.

It looks like Judge Gould.

The democratic party will teach the republicans civil service reform if they ever get in power.

Recorder J. C. Dancy is making a good record.

Judge Bundy of the Police Court is the right man in the right place.

There is a great deal that could be said of the election.

What has become of Booker T. Washington's leadership.

Some people imagine that office makes them leaders.

The self constituted committee that went to Oyster Bay, Terrell and McKinley, ought to suggest to the President that self constituted eadership should be recognized.

There are times in the affairs of men that lead to destruction.

The negro Tammany of New York is not what it used to be.

Ex-Chief Lee is spoken of as a man of news.

They all can now see how important it is to have the leadership of Lee.

The sons of New York have disbanded.

The negro Justice of the Peace who is interfering with the business of the lawyers will be investigated by the Attorney General.

He should attend to the business of his office and allow people to select whatever lawyer they want.

Old bachelors are like some old maids, they can see nothing good in the v i

While people are meddling with other peoples' busines they lose what they have.

The democratic party hasn't sense enough to secure the negro vote.

Mr. Bryan was not consulted in the last election.

Now that the lily white party South has failed what will it do next.

There is no solidity to a bombastic show.

It is not the man who knows it all, that will tell it.

Jerry Brown is in Ohio doing well. He is a hustler.

Senator Hanna is a man of nerve and when he tells you anything you can depend on it.

If the southern republicans, permit themselves to be reduced, they haven't very much nerve.

Vice Chairman Payne has a load upon his shoulders.

The fault is with the republican Congress.

Reduce the representation in Congress and then you will have no trouble with republican delegates from the South.

There will not be many more southern democrats appointed.

Booker T. Washington knows how to make office seekers dance.

It is best that you don't express your opinion until you have been informed of both sides.

The New York democrats have been encouraged.

The recent election in that State is no indication that the democrats will win in 1904.

Tom Johnson in Ohio is now a very small man.

He bit off more than he could chew.

He reached too far and lost his grasp.

JOE MEALEY'S RIDE.

Unique Bareback Gallop on an Enraged Deer.

Hair-Raising Experience of a California Mountaineer Who Mounted His Quarry a Few Minutes Too Soon.

Few more thrilling experiences can be imagined than that recently undergone by a young California mountaineer named Joseph Mealey.

"Some young fellows from Oakland," he says in the Philadelphia Press, "were up here looking for big game, They had the latest and best kinds of shooting material, new style rifles and pistols, and the like, but there wasn't a shotgun in the party.

"They were poor hunters and were so scared of shooting one another that they persisted in hunting in a bunch. I finally got disgusted with them and on the second morning after their arrival set out alone to bag a deer. I was up at daylight and set out over the mountains.

"I didn't see a sign of deer, although I trudged all over one side of the slope. The sun was up pretty high when I set my rifle against a big bowlder and jumped on to a rock to sit down a moment and smoke.

"While I was gazing lazily about me I heard the thud-thud-thud, and I knew a deer was jumping down the mountain. I slid off the bowlder quick, grabbed the rifle, and laid low. Again I heard the thud of the deer's jump, and, looking over the rock I saw a big buck trotting slowly across the small opening down the mountain.

"The deer was north of me and the breeze came from that direction, so I hurried straight down the mountain. While I was sneaking along I looked over a clump of brush, and there, out in plain view, stood the buck. He was a big one I tell you, and with his great antlers hanged if he didn't look big as an elk to me.

"I should judge he was about 200 yards from me. He was standing there

IN PLAIN VIEW STOOD THE BUCK.

tossing his head as though some sort of a fly was bothering him, and I decided to give it to him through the heart. I wasn't well acquainted with the rifle, but I aimed careful and let him have it.

"When I reached him I took my hunting knife out of my belt to bleed him. Before this I stood looking down at him for a few seconds, for he was by far the biggest deer I ever saw—a six pronger.

"I had my foot on his hind quarters. Then I straddles him, holding his antlers to keep his head steady, and with my left hand started to cut his neck.

"No sooner did the knife prick his skin before that buck was on his feet. I was too scared to notice how it was done, but I know that his forelegs went out first and he was up quick as a flash.

"I already had a grip on his antlers with my right hand, and as I dropped my knife I grabbed them with my left. I was too paralyzed to think even, but I can tell you that he and I were off like the wind—with me hanging on for dear life.

"Over rocks, across dry ditches, and over the patches of buck brush that animal went as if he had never been hurt, and although I stayed with the wildest bronchos Montana could produce, I never had such trouble as that.

"People have asked me many times if trotting and leaping were the only gaits of a deer. That particular buck deer seemed to have 'em all. No spurs were needed for that animal, I tell you.

"About this time the animal slowed to a trot, and he gave a bleat much as would a calf, then staggered and fell.

"I threw myself off his back before he commenced to reel, but I saw blood gushing out of his nose and mouth as he dropped. He was game, for he tried to get his feet again—then dropped over, dead.

"The distance from where the deer started after I first dropped him to where he dropped me was close on to a half mile."

A Reproof.

She (walking home from church)—Did you notice that lovely Parisian hat Mrs. Styler was wearing? I could think of nothing else the whole time.

He—No, my dear, can't say I did. To tell you the truth, I was half asleep most of the time.

She—Then you ought to be ashamed to own it. A nice lot of good the service must have done you, I must say.—Ally Sloper.

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Excepting umbilical, it is the best truss ever offered for all kinds of hernia.
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LED A DOUBLE LIFE.

Col. Plant's Sudden Death Reveals Strange Doings.

Known as "Edmund Hall" in a Quiet English Village Where He Reared a Family — Two Plates on His Coffin.

A London cable to the New York Sun says that from the west of England there comes a strange story of the double life lived by a man without suspicion for more than 19 years, his neighbors, and even his own son, being ignorant of it till his sudden death revealed the truth.

Nineteen years ago there came to live in a house called the Old Grange, in the small Dorsetshire village of Oborne, Edmund Hall, an accountant by profession. He lived at Oborne with his wife and family for 19 years, during which period they gained the respect of the whole neighborhood.

Mr. Hall was a great bee fancier. On Monday, September 1, he drove with his little son to a neighboring farm in the village of Templecombe, where he took some hives of bees. Afterward he went to a farmhouse, and while taking tea with the wife of the farmer he suddenly fell dead of heart disease. No suspicions were aroused, although some surprise was expressed at the news that Mr. Hall would be buried on the following Saturday at Bristol, instead of in Oborne churchyard, where a son, 17½ years of age, who died in 1901, and a son 16 days old, who died in 1902, lie buried.

On Wednesday the Bristol newspapers announced the sudden death of heart disease on the previous Monday at a small village near Templecombe of one of the most distinguished, best known and respected inhabitants of Bristol, Col. Edmund Carter Plant, C. B., who would be buried on Saturday in Bristol with full military honors. Some residents of Sherbourne, where Hall was well known, on seeing this, noticed the strange coincidences of the date and the manner and cause

CHANGED THE PLATES.

of the two men's deaths. But the editor of the Sherbourne Post suspected something more. He made inquiries which convinced him as to the identity of Hall and Plant, but he was unable to prove his case. However, he did not lose sight of the body, which on Friday evening was taken to the station attended by a large number of sorrowing villagers, and was placed in the guard's van. The coffin plate was seen to be inscribed "Edmund Hall. Died September 9, 1902, aged 60 years."

The Bristol undertaker entered the van with the coffin, but at the junction where the van was detached and coupled to another train this man changed to an ordinary carriage and when the train had arrived at Bristol the coffin plate was seen to be inscribed:

"Edmund Carter Plant, C. B., Colonel Bristol Engineers, died September 9, 1902, aged 60."

On Saturday the streets of Bristol were thronged with thousands of people anxious to see the funeral, which was the finest military spectacle the populace had seen since the late Queen Victoria visited the place in 1897. Eight colonels acted as pallbearers. Thus this distinguished resident of Bristol was laid in the cemetery of the town beside his wife, who died in 1900, and to whom he was married in 1865.

Plant's career, from his boyhood, with the exception of the 19 years he lived at Oborne as Hall, is well known. He had lived at Bristol since 1861. According to Who's Who, he was lieutenant colonel and colonel commanding of the Second Gloster volunteers, R. E. (the Bristol engineers). He passed through all the grades from sapper to colonel commanding.

Not until his death was the identity of their father revealed to their children at Oborne. "Mrs. Hall" knew, and but for the clumsy work of his legal advisers when they notified the newspapers of the colonel's death, the secret would never have been revealed. The mention of Templecombe gave the clew, however, and resulted in the exposure. The colonel's absence at Bristol or Oborne, "on business," never aroused the slightest suspicion.

The Wild Man of Borneo.

A professional "Wild Man of Borneo," named Calvin Bird, a negro, went to a hospital at Syracuse, N. Y., to have his horns removed. Under his scalp a silver plate had been ingeniously inserted, in which stood two standards. Into these standards, when he was on exhibition, Bird had screwed two goat's horns, and thousands of people have paid to see his horns and hear him bark.

AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

Son of British Colonial Secretary Who Has Been Appointed Postmaster General.

Austen Chamberlain recently succeeded Lord Londonderry and with his father, Joseph Chamberlain, the colonial secretary, now occupies a place in the British cabinet. He is a "chip of the old block" and a young man of great promise. He was educated at Rugby and Trinity college, Cambridge, and has already served as civil lord of the admiralty and as financial secretary to the treasury.

Mr. Chamberlain's appointment has some direct interest for the United States, for there has been a lot of complaint about the delay in get-

HON. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.
(Postmaster General in the Reconstructed British Cabinet.)

ting American mails through to London from Queenstown, and it is expected that the new man will look into the trouble. Furthermore, the question of a parcels post with the United States is up for discussion, and Mr. Chamberlain is known to be deeply interested in that subject.

It speaks well for the younger Chamberlain that his father's bitterest enemies—he has a wonderful collection of enemies—have had little criticism to offer over the son's appointment to succeed the marquis of Londonderry. The rich and ornate marquis got the place because he had a political pull, was rather sore at the government, and had to be placated. Even the conservatives admit that he was about the most inefficient postmaster general St. Martin's-le-Grand had ever seen.

Young Chamberlain, on the contrary, is a quiet, level-headed busineess man, who can be depended upon to make the fusty permanent officials in the post office sit up. Their motto apparently is: "It must be done thus, for thus it always has been done."

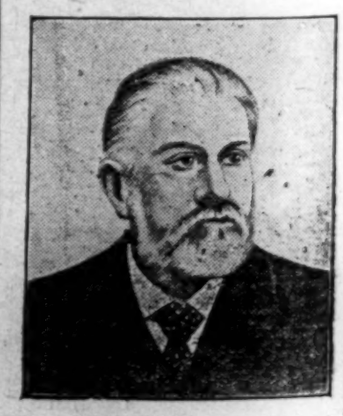
Postmaster General Chamberlain, who will be 40 next year, is about the same age as his second stepmother—the third Mrs. Chamberlain—who was the daughter of Judge Endicott, of Massachusetts. He lives with his father and is unmarried. He is not at all a bumptious young man, and is making his way largely on his own merits. He has a wonderful opportunity for cutting out a great future for himself by reforms in the post office.

JOKE WAS ON DOCTOR.

Asked a Question in School and Got an Answer He Neither Expected Nor Desired.

Dr. J. L. M. Curry, special ambassador to Spain, tells the following anecdote, says Harper's Magazine:

In the discharge of his duties in promoting the cause of education he has been frequently called upon to address the pupils of schools he has been visiting. On one occasion he was at a rural school, and the usual address was expected at the close of the exercises. The children went



DR. J. L. M. CURRY.
(Noted Southern Educator, Politician and Publicist.)

through a number of calisthenic exercises, which were, probably, somewhat elaborated in honor of the distinguished visitor, and then came the doctor's speech. Thinking that it was a favorable occasion to impress upon his youthful auditors the importance of drill and practice, the doctor, after expressing the pleasure that the exercises had given him, told the children that they had done far better than he could have done, and then asked:

"Can some one of you tell me why it is that I cannot do these calisthenic exercises as well as you have done them?"

After an instant's pause a small hand went up, and, on receiving an encouraging word from the doctor, a little boy stood up and said:

"'Cause you are old and stiff in the j'ints"—which was not exactly the answer either expected or desired.

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For Annapolis, †7.30, †8.30, †11.50 a. m., 4.30, *5.25, p. m.
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For Baltimore, week days, x3.00, 5.00, 6.30, x7.05 x7.30, x8.30, 8.35, x9.30, x10.00 11.50 a. m., x12.20 noon, x1.35, x3.00, x4.00, x4.30, x4.35, x5.05, x5.25, x6.20, 6.30, x8.0c, x10.00, x11.30, 11.35 p. m. Sundays, x3.00 x7.05 x7.30, 8.30, x9 00, a.m. x12.20, 1.15, x3.00, x3.30, x5.05, x5.25, 6.30, x8.00, x10 00, x11.30, 11.35 p. m.
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ADVENTURE IN MIDAIR.

Young Man Caught in a Balloon Rope Rises 3,000 Feet and Escapes Without Hurt.

Louis Ward, of Milford, Mass., aged 20 years, made an involuntary and thrilling acrobatic balloon ascension the other day. His left foot caught in the guy rope of a balloon and he was carried into the air and suspended head downward. After being carried up 3,000 feet into the air and directly across Hoag lake he landed unhurt 15 minutes later in a tree top a mile from the point where he went up.

Ward was assisting Prof. Hillman, a professional aeronaut, who has

SUSPENDED HEAD DOWNWARD.

been giving balloon ascensions and parachute exhibitions at Hoag park. Hillman's balloon, a massive hot air one, was being prepared for the afternoon exhibition, and Ward and others were assisting. Everything ready, the professor gave the word, the balloon was released, and swiftly mounted into the air with the professor hanging to the parachute.

Ward started to get out of the way as the balloon was released, but his left foot caught in one of the guy ropes, and, to the horror of the several thousand spectators, he was carried into the air suspended head downward. His weight held the balloon on its side, in danger of an immediate collapse and certain death to both men. Hillman acted quickly. Ward dangled from the balloon about ten feet above the aeronaut, and beyond his reach. If the balloon was brought to an upright position there was some chance for Ward, so, after a few words of advice as to how to secure himself and draw himself upright, Hillman released the parachute when but 200 feet in the air and came safely to the ground.

The balloon, freed from this weight, righted itself and shot upward and across the lake, which is about half a mile wide. The balloon soon began its descent, coming down easily and gracefully, and Ward landed in a tree unhurt.

HUSBAND IS A WOMAN.

Baltimore Widow's Heart and Hand Are Won by a Pretty North Carolina Girl.

Under a recent date a Chicago Chronicle correspondent writes from Baltimore, Md., that a week ago Mrs. Ernestine L. Rauck, a pretty young widow of North Eutaw street, married Herman G. Wood, who had boarded in her house for some

GIRL HUSBAND MADE LOVE.

months. At night the bride went to the house of Rev. Anthony Bilkovsky, who performed the ceremony, and in a hysterical manner informed the preacher that she had been married to a woman. The police investigated and the "groom" confessed.

The "groom" is Lydia Lota Sawyer, 22 years old and not bad looking. She was locked up on the charge of obtaining $100 from Mrs. Rauck by false pretenses. In her confession Miss Sawyer stated that she belonged to a wealthy family residing near Elizabeth City, N. C. She left home five years ago, deserting an infant boy, it is said.

Disgrace and the fact that she could secure employment easily caused her to don male attire, and this she has worn for five years in this city without exciting suspicion. She made love to two women and jilted a Washington girl to wed Mrs. Rauck. Dispatches from North Carolina confirm the girl's story.

Peculiar Breed of Hogs.

A peculiar breed of hogs has for years been raised by Ike Lawrence, of Putnam county, Ga. His hogs are not of the cloven-footed species, but all have hoofs like a horse.

NICE OLD GENTLEMAN.

New King of Saxony Is Interested in Military Affairs, Politics and the Fine Arts.

The new king's full name is Frederick August George Ludwig Wilhelm Maximilian Earl Maria Nepomuk Baptist Xaxier Cyriakus Romanus. He was born at Pillnitz, August 8, 1832, and is four years younger than the late King Albert, who was his brother. He received a thorough military training and graduated at the Bonn university.

In the German war he commanded the Second Saxony infantry division. As commander of the First Saxon division he distinguished himself in the war of 1870-71. When Albert became

KING GEORGE OF SAXONY.
(Popular in Military, Art and Educational circles.)

king, Prince George was made commander in chief, and in 1888 he was appointed a Prussian field marshal by Emperor William II. He was married on May 11, 1859, to Infanta Maria of Portugal. She died in 1884. Six children were born to them.

King George has taken an active interest in the politics of his country, and has filled many important government posts, figuring prominently in the tax reform laws. No important changes are expected to follow his succession.

The new king of Saxony is known for his military tastes and considerate treatment of private soldiers. He sternly put down the mistreatment of soldiers by officers and severely punished petty brutalities on the part of subalterns and noncommissioned officers. His secret decree on the subject, in 1891, attracted great attention when the Vorwaerts divulged it. The king is a capable musician, plays the piano has good taste and technical finish, and often gives musical parties at his house, where he and his daughter, Princess Mathilde, play duets. King George has attended chamber music concerts assiduously, and is the patron of many musical undertakings.

THE ADMIRAL CHUCKLED.

Head of Bureau of Navigation Had an Amusing Experience with a Fresh Interviewer.

Deservedly or otherwise Admiral Crowninshield has the reputation of being grim and unpleasant in his bearing toward newspaper men. One day a correspondent, a newcomer in Washington, called upon Secretary Long at the navy department in order to obtain from that official, whom he knew personally, an introduction to Crowninshield, then head of the bureau of navigation. Long was out but Crowninshield sat beside his chief's desk awaiting the secretary's return. The correspondent mistook the bureau

ADMIRAL CROWNINSHIELD.
(At Present in Command of the European Naval Station.)

chief for a private secretary and, according to a contributer to the Saturday Evening Post, addressed him thus:

"Is the grim destroyer in his conning tower?"

"The which in his what?" asked the admiral.

"The devourer of hapless literary wights—Crowninshield—is he in his office?"

"Not at present," responded the admiral, smilingly. "What did you wish to see him about?"

"Wanted a picture of his tremendous highness for publication in the—"

"I can tell you who his photographer is," chuckled the admiral, courteously writing down an address, "but I happen to know that Crowninshield hasn't any prints of himself on hand just at present, the popular clamor for his particular style of beauty having exhausted the supply."

Saloons Closed on Payday.

Taverns in [illegible] n are closed on Saturday, whi[illegible] pay day, while the savings b[illegible]re kept open until midnight. This plan induces the workmen to invest their money where it will pay them interest, instead of in alcoholic stimulants.

Wild Duck's Swift Flight.

A wild duck can fly at a speed of 90 miles an hour.

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City Items.

Mrs. Alice Lucas of E st. s. w., who has been sick for several months is improving.

Mrs. Laura Brooks, Mother of Dr. Phillip Brooks is quite sick at her home with malaria fever.

Miss Effie M. Middleton who has been sick with intermitten fever is able to be out again.

Mrs. Sarah Jones of Washington St., northwest, who several weeks ago fell and broke her arm, is improving slowly.

Miss Jeannette E. Anderson of the Sewing Department of the Armstrong Industrial School is sick in bed with a severe cold, under the care of Dr. Francis.

Realistic.

Managing Editor—Well, I must say you did that insane asylum assignment beautifully. They tell me you acted exactly like a madman. How did you do it?

Reporter—Why, I went right out and got a suit of camel's hair underclothes.—Brooklyn Life.

The Only Reason.

Mr. De Fad—I can stand a good deal, but I'd just like to know what sense there is in this new fashion of eating ice cream with a fork.

Mrs. De Fad (a practical woman)—Guests can't eat it so fast.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Real Thing.

Youngwed (on bridal tour)—I would like rooms for myself and wife.

Hotel Clerk—Suite, I suppose?

Youngwed—That's what. She's the sweetest thing that ever happened.—Chicago Daily News.

Sympathy.

Hojack—Here's an account of how a man wrote a love letter and got into trouble by it.

Tomdik—I can sympathize with that fellow. That's how I happened to get married.—Detroit Free Press.

A Bit of Advice.

He—I gave Jones a bit of advice. I told him that before he married his girl he should look her mother over.

She—Well, what happened?

He—Jones married the mother.—Chicago American.

Lively Encounter.

Bacon—Did you ever attend one of these glove fights?

Egbert—Oh, yes; I went to one today, with my wife; it was advertised as a bargain in kids.—Yonkers Statesman.

How It Struck Him.

He (after listening to her playing)—I should think you would get one of those attachments to the piano.

She—Why?

"Anyone can play that." — Detroit Free Press.

The Poet at Home.

Mr. Penman—Did you read those last verses of mine?

Mrs. Penman—No; but if you assure me they are to be your last I will read 'em, even if they make me sick.—Yonkers Statesman.

Her Gentle Hint.

He was moralizing.

"After all," he said, "man is weak."

"In union there is strength," she quoted, coyly.—Chicago Post.

When He Was Sick.

First Drummer — Are you never homesick?

Second Drummer—Only when I'm at home.—Judge.

It Sounds Better.

"Is Cholly really looking for a job?"

"Oh, dear, no. He's looking for an opportunity to consent to accept a position."—Chicago Post.

Cause and Effect.

"The way those people flaunt their money fairly makes me ill."

"Sour grapes always did have that effect."—Brooklyn Life.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Marion T. Clinkscales, Attorney.
Supreme Court of the District of Columbia.
HOLDING A PROBATE COURT.
No. 10,934, Administration

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE:

That the subscriber, of the District of Columbia has obtained from the Probate Court of the District 0f Columbia, letters of administration on the estate of Henry W. Haskins late of the District of Columbia, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are heteby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 25th day of October, A. D. 1903, otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 25th day of October 1902. Estelle R. Haskins 1629 12th street, northwest.

Attest: John R: Rouzer,
Deputy Register of Wills for the District of Columbia,
Clerk of the Probate Court.

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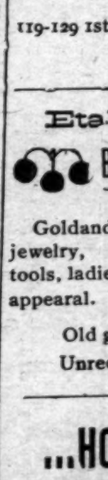

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VALUE OF TRUE LOVE

It's a Hard Thing to Estimate It in Dollars and Cents.

Seems to Vary in Price from Thirty Cents to Life Itself—A Few Cases Illustrating the Fluctuations.

No one has yet lived who was able to place a true value upon love. Attempts along this line have been made in the courts by men and women seeking redress for the alienation of affection, but they usually grow fictitious in their estimates and seldom have the satisfaction of seeing their calculations borne out by the votes of 12 jurors. The tendency in such litigation is to rate love at a figure considerably higher than facts will substantiate, and, as might be expected, values vary according to the conditions attaching to each individual case.

There is, however, in Indiana a man who has satisfied himself on this question. Harvey Tallerday, of Elkhart, made up his mind how much his wife was worth to him and without attempting to fix a standard for the guidance of other husbands put a value on her and placed her on the market. She was sold. Mr. Tallerday may have been influenced by the fact that he needed the money, but this condition does not enter into the general proposition of the value of a wife, because when a man is within a few cents of absolute bankruptcy he is apt to realize all he can on whatever he has to sell. Tallerday's available assets were one wife, so when he went home and found her talking to Morgan Gordon he calmly, coolly and reflectively announced that Mrs. Tallerday was for sale and that 30 cents would buy any man the foundation for a home—a wife.

Thirty cents was all that Mr. Tallerday asked for Mrs. Tallerday, because he considered her worth no more

RATED LOVE HIGHER THAN LIFE.

than that amount. It happened that Gordon was looking for bargains and it happened also that Mrs. Tallerday was willing to be sold, so the transfer was agreeably made and everybody involved in the incident was satisfied.

But this case, says the Chicago Tribune, is one of the adverse extremes going to prove that there cannot be any fixed value upon love. How unnatural and contrary to all established rules of sentiment such an incident must seem to the heroic figures in a real, heart-consuming romance. While the Indiana man was willing to dispose of his spouse for the paltry sum of 30 cents there are others who go to the other extreme in order to secure a wife. And it must be admitted that stories of the latter class are more in keeping with what the world calls heart interest. Take, for instance, the recent marriage of Miss Ruby Simonds and J. P. Jansen at Clinton, Tenn. In this case love rescued a young woman from the arms of death.

The marriage ceremony itself was a weird affair, but the story attaching to it is full of romance, which began in a Chicago hospital while Miss Simonds was a professional nurse. It was the old, old story. She went to Minneapolis on a visit, met Jansen, and they fell in love. His station in life was not equal to hers and she was afraid to tell her parents of her love affair until she went to Clinton to visit. There she fell ill with typhoid fever, and when fearing death she unburdened her heart and let out the secret. Jansen was sent for and he went south from Minnesota. A speedy marriage was agreed upon, and the ceremony was performed while the girl apparently was on her death bed. But love proved a great restorative, and the moment Miss Simonds became Mrs. Jansen she began to improve. Now her ultimate recovery is assured.

Love must be of some value when it is rated higher than even life itself. Etta Cook, of New Haven, Conn., killed herself in the presence of Alfred Austell, her lover, because he told her he was going away and might never see her again. She didn't want to live without his love, so she took carbolic acid and died.

Another strange case of lifelong devotion came to light recently in Milford, Pa., where George Gledhill, aged 60, and Anna Mayo, aged 76, were united in marriage. They had admired each other from early childhood, yet did not decide to marry until both were old with few years yet to live. After the ceremony was performed they began making preparations for death. Within a stone's throw of their house Gledhill has built a mausoleum for himself and bride. The tombs have been prepared and each is suitably inscribed with a headstone bearing the names of the bride and groom.

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